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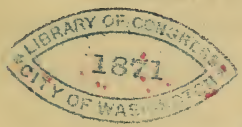
MEMOIR

OF

MARY H. HUNTINGTON,

OF

BRIDGEWATER, MASS.



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MARY H. HUNTINGTON.

Mary Hallam Huntington, the subject of this narrative, was born at Bridgewater, Massachusetts, on the Lord's-day, June 20, 1813. She died Monday morning, February 21, 1820, aged six years and eight months. But though her passage from the cradle to the grave was thus short, her bereaved parents and friends derive unspeakable comfort from the belief, that it was in that narrow way which leads to everlasting life. Though she died so young, we trust she "died in the Lord;"

having cordially surrendered herself to the guidance and disposal of her Maker and Redeemer, and earnestly sought the mercy offered to her in his precious gospel; and, if so, a voice from heaven has long since pronounced her "blessed." It is somewhat unusual among us to hear much of religious experience at so early a period of life; but this will not, I trust, be considered as evidence against its reality. Similar instances have occurred in many places; and many well authenticated accounts have been published of those "babes and sucklings," out of whose mouths God hath "perfected praise," whose earliest accents were employed in grateful hosannas to the Son of Da-

vid, and to whose tender minds, his gospel, though of necessity but imperfectly understood, has manifestly conveyed a "savour of life unto life."

In attempting to add one more testimony to the power and truth of Him who graciously said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven,"—I shall endeavour to exhibit, with plainness and simplicity, the grounds of the precious hope which we entertain, concerning the everlasting welfare of the dear child whose spirit we have been called to resign into the hands of Him who gave it.

Among the means which it pleased God to employ in preparing her for

his presence and service, I shall first notice *the early and habitual exercise of prayer*. No sooner could she lisp the precious names of her Maker and Redeemer, than she learned to lift her feeble voice to heaven in supplication and praise. These exercises, it is true, were necessarily short and simple; nor is it to be supposed she could, at first, have any proper understanding or relish of them. Yet children do receive ideas of an invisible and omnipresent Being, and of their dependence upon him, and their obligation to him, much earlier than is generally supposed; nor is there any way in which these ideas can be so distinctly and profitably impressed on their tender minds, as

by teaching them to address themselves to him in the language of prayer. The truth of this remark was evinced in the experience of the subject of this memoir. "I can recollect many times," says her mother, "when I have laboured to convince her of a sin, of which she seemed unmindful or insensible, until my heart quite failed me; and feeling my need of the Holy Spirit to accompany my efforts, sent her from me, unhumbled, to implore for herself a *softer heart;* and in a few moments she would return, with her cheeks bathed in tears, and her heart apparently melted under a sense of her depravity." Children will very soon, by the help of frequent and

simple explanation, learn the nature and object of the duty; and though, in after life, they may cast off fear, and restrain prayer, yet there is much greater probability of their *retaining* a reverential regard to the Supreme Being, than of their *acquiring* it, where no such early habit has been formed. The child of whom I now speak was not only accustomed to repeat *forms* of prayer, which indeed are excellent helps to the performance of this duty; but soon learned to address God in her own language, and according to the suggestions of her own mind. She was taught to retire regularly for this purpose; to consider what things she had need of—what comforts she

enjoyed, and what faults she had committed; and then to present her simple confessions, petitions, and acknowledgments accordingly. She was at the same time frequently reminded, that the mere *form* of devotion, instead of making her any better, was but adding sin to sin; and that she could not expect to obtain the favour of God, unless she was sincere in her applications at the throne of grace. She was also taught, that prayer, or any other duty, however sincerely performed, could not *entitle* her to the divine favour; and that these exercises were nothing more than the means, through which God is pleased ordinarily to bestow mercy upon sinners, for the sake of his well beloved Son.

To prayer she early added *the reading of the Scriptures.* She not only read them as a regular school exercise, but made the Bible her companion in the closet. There she turned over the sacred pages; and by her quotations from them, and her inquiries concerning passages she had met with, it was evident that she read with attention and with profit. An instance of her ready reference to the word of God is distinctly remembered. She one day found her mother overwhelmed with grief, by intelligence just received, that an intimate and highly valued friend was at the point of death. With her usual tenderness, she inquired the cause of the tears which

she witnessed. The answer was almost too much for her young heart; for our dying friend was peculiarly dear to her also. But, lest she should aggravate the sorrow which she designed to soothe, she generously suppressed the emotions of her own bosom, and raising herself from that on which she had affectionately leaned and wept, she said with an audible voice and collected manner, "Well, mother, *my Bible* says, for her to die is gain—and for you to live let it be Christ." Such mingled counsel and consolation, and from such a source, made grief give place to wonder. She was then but four years old, and her adaptation of this text was evidently the result of pri-

vate reading: for when she was requested to turn to it, and a Bible was handed her for the purpose, she quickly ran to her chamber for *her own*, saying, she *could find it there.* And often, when desiring to make observations or inquiries concerning any particular text, to which she could not refer by naming the chapter and verse, she would hasten to her own little *closet Bible*, and in that would find it with ease.

To aid her in deriving instruction from the sacred volume, she diligently committed to memory those simple catechisms and hymns by which children at the present day are so highly favoured, and which afford such welcome assistance to

their parents in impressing on their young and tender minds the first principles of the oracles of God. Such was her application to these studies, that before she was six years old, she had learned at least two catechisms, and all the "Hymns for Infant Minds;" the first five chapters of John's gospel, and many single chapters in various parts of the Bible. During the last year of her life, she chose to study with the help of a question book; and at length joined a Bible-class, whose recitations were questions on the historical parts of the New Testament; and was never behind any of them in the usual lesson.

It is believed she read the Scrip-

tures promiscuously, until the memoir of a pious child was put into her hands; upon which she immediately became desirous to imitate the example there presented, by beginning the Bible and reading it in course. It is thought, however, she could not have proceeded far in it, as her seasons of retirement in winter were necessarily short. Her last *mark* was near the close of Genesis.

Such were the *means* of grace which she employed, or rather I would say, which God employed, to bring her to the knowledge and love of her Saviour.

It could not be expected that these would be diligently and successfully used without the frequent interven-

tion of parental, and especially *maternal* care and authority. Nor could the utmost parental faithfulness ensure the desired result, independently of a divine co-operation. But the God of Abraham still delights in fulfilling the precious promise, "I will establish my covenant between me and thee, and thy seed after thee in their generations for an everlasting covenant, to be a God to thee and to thy seed after thee." Yes, this promise "is unto us, and unto our children, and to all that are afar off; even as many as the Lord our God shall call." On the strength of this promise, let us bring our beloved offspring to his mercy-seat in the arms of faith; and educate them

from the cradle in the nurture and admonition which his holy word enjoins. His faithfulness cannot fail; his word shall not return unto him void; he has never said to the seed of Jacob, "Seek ye me in vain." I will now proceed to mention some of the reasons which we have to hope, that the gospel, in which she was thus early instructed, "came to her, not in word only, but in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance;" only premising, that in so young a subject, we cannot expect to find all that distinctness of evidence, which riper years might have enabled her to afford.

1. She evinced, during the last two years of her life, a deep sense

of the spirituality and extent of God's law, and the evil of transgressing it. She had learned that the eye of her Maker was upon her heart, and that he marked the temper which was manifested by every action she performed, every word she spake, every thought she entertained. She believed that every duty, in order to be accepted of him, must be performed from a principle of *love*. Accordingly she strove to bring her passions under the government of reason and conscience; and the victories which she gained over herself in this conflict were truly gratifying to those who best knew her.

Her natural disposition subjected her to many painful trials in this re-

spect. Her temper was unusually strong and irritable; and often have her parents been constrained to humble themselves before God, while they beheld in her such early demonstrations of "that carnal mind," which "is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." But if their anguish in such contemplations was deep, proportionally sweet was their relief, when they perceived her to be, in some degree, acquainted with the plague of her own heart; and when they witnessed her vigorous efforts to bring every rebellious thought "into captivity to the obedience of Christ."

2. To this end she was much in prayer to God for renewing and

sanctifying grace. Aware that she could never conquer the evil propensities of her nature by her own strength, she daily besought the Lord to have mercy upon her, and change her heart by the power of his Holy Spirit. For a time she was greatly discouraged by his apparent delay to answer her request; and once, in childish ignorance, complained to her mother, with much agitation of mind, that "God *would not* give her a new heart." During the last summer of her life her mother was accustomed to visit her and her younger sister, after they had retired to rest, and inquire of them concerning their spiritual welfare. "On these occasions," she says,

"I often found and left Mary in deep sorrow, at the retrospect of the past day. She would sob over the repeated faults which she said she had *tried* to avoid; and often would she exclaim, with a flood of tears, 'I am afraid, mother, I shall *never be a Christian!*'"

3. She manifested much sorrow for sin. Not that mere selfish regret which arises from the fear of punishment, (for she seldom, if ever, showed any symptoms of terror,) but an ingenuous grief at the thought of having offended and dishonoured her Maker, Benefactor, and Redeemer. Often has she come to me in tears, to confess a fault of which she had been guilty, and beg me to

entreat for her the pardon of her heavenly Father; and then would retire, to renew the same earnest request in her closet. Her last two birthdays were peculiarly solemn seasons to her; and we shall never forget the affecting interest with which she listened to our prayers, or the deep solicitude she manifested to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of her Lord and Saviour.*

* I cannot forbear, in this connexion, to drop a hint on the benefit which might result to children from a serious improvement of *birthdays*. They are too often noticed merely as seasons of unmeaning congratulation, and unprofitable if not hurtful amusement. Such anniversaries may, by a little attention on the part of the parents, be rendered at once interesting and instructive. The principal *birthday present* which my children have received, has ordinarily consisted of a few simple rhymes addressed to them on the occasion. Two or three of these trifling effusions, having some reference to the subject of this memoir, may not be unacceptable

For the last two years, no motive was necessary to persuade her to any duty, but the hope of pleasing her divine Redeemer; and the thought of displeasing or dishonouring him was enough to dissuade her from any thing which she was inclined to do, or melt her into tears for what she had already done. In earlier life she had required some severity of discipline; but now she was governed wholly by the gospel. No other support of parental authority was needful.

4. She was much attached to the word of God, and all the ordinary

to my young readers; and may suggest some thoughts which *they* would do well to cherish as they pass from year to year of this short and uncertain life. They are therefore subjoined.

means of grace. She loved the public and domestic worship of God. The Sabbath was to her a delight; and she occupied every hour of holy time to some religious purpose. During the week, she applied herself, with exemplary diligence, to her books and her needle; but was best pleased when engaged in pursuit of *Christian knowledge;* and at any time would forsake the most attractive of her youthful amusements, to enjoy the privilege of uniting with her parents, or some pious friend, in a hymn of praise to her Redeemer.

5. The growing influence of religious principle within her was manifest in her respectful and submissive deportment toward her parents

and all her superiors; and her affectionate and obliging disposition toward all around her. I would not hazard an assertion, which may so naturally be attributed to parental partiality, were it not supported by the concurrent testimony of all who knew her; and I now offer it, not in honour of *her*, but of that almighty and gracious Being, from whom cometh down every good and perfect gift, and to whom we and our's must be indebted for every thing truly pure, lovely, and of good report. That is indeed but a poor religion which does not regulate the temper and life of those who possess it. This young disciple had not so learned Christ. She felt herself

constantly indebted to divine compassion and forbearance; and she knew that pride and selfishness were no qualifications for an inheritance in that world where "all the air is *love*."

6. She not only endeavoured to promote the happiness of those immediately around her, but, according to her knowledge, appeared to feel a warm interest in the spiritual welfare of her distant fellow creatures. She thought and spake much of the poor heathen; especially of heathen children, whom she knew to be destitute of the religious privileges in which she found such pleasure and profit. She loved them not merely "in word and in tongue," but "in deed and

in truth;" and cheerfully expended all her little earnings to assist in sending them the precious gospel.

As she drew near the close of life, her Christian graces brightened. When first her daily employments were interrupted by the disorder of which she died, she expressed to her mother some uneasiness at the necessity of being idle, as she was not confined to her bed, though she could neither read nor work. She was reminded that there are duties for every situation; and that, though she could not be active, she might glorify God by patience and submission. After a few moments' silent reflection, she replied, "Yes, mother, I believe it is well for us to be sick

sometimes, for when we are well we are apt to forget to pray, as *I have done.*"

The concluding words of the sentence were accompanied by tears, and uttered in a tone of sorrow, which led to an inquiry, whether she had neglected that important duty. She acknowledged, with her usual frankness, that, though she had not wholly neglected it, yet since the recent enlargement of our household had deprived her of her wonted place of retirement, she had been less regular in closet duties. This early improvement of her sickness may serve as a specimen of her habitual readiness to notice the good hand of God in every thing. From

that moment she appeared to have trimmed her little lamp, and to watch with new earnestness for the coming of the Bridegroom. But little did any of us then think that his arrival was so near.

In a few days she was confined to her chamber, and her complaint* assumed a more alarming appearance—alarming, I say, *to us*, whose hearts ached at the thought of parting—but not *to her*. She received the intimation of our fears concerning the issue of her illness with the most entire serenity. Apprehending that the composure with which she spake of death might result from ignorance or insensibility alone, her

* Dropsy in the head.

mother (much at the expense of her own feelings) expatiated fully on the awfulness of that untried change; the agonies of dissolving nature; the separation from earthly friends; and then asked her whether she would prefer to recover, and remain in this world, to struggling with the corruptions of her heart, or die, and thus be freed from temptation and from sin. The rod and staff of her good Shepherd suppressed all fear of evil, and she calmly replied in the language of the apostle Paul, "To depart and be with Christ is far better." This conversation took place while I was absent from home. On my return it was repeated to me; and to prove the nature

of her tranquillity still farther, I sat down by the chair in which she was supported by pillows, and tenderly taking her hand, asked her whether she was indeed willing to leave me, her mother, her sisters, and all her dear friends on earth, (mentioning many of them by name,) for the sake of going to Jesus. She seemed for a moment loath to answer, lest she should appear wanting in affection for us, but soon replied that she was willing. "*Why*, my dear," said I, "do you love him so much?" She readily answered, "Because he first loved me." "And what," I asked, "leads you to think he has thus loved you?" "He gave himself to die for me," was her reply.

In the early part of her confinement she was able to read a little; and when no longer capable of that, she desired others to read to her from the Scriptures, and other religious books. Next to the Bible, she valued the "Hymns for Infant Minds," and "The Young Cottager." She was particularly interested in that passage of the latter, which relates the circumstance of little Jane's repeating and appropriating, in her sleep, the prayer of the thief on the cross—"Lord, remember me—remember a poor child—Lord, remember me!" These words, she said, were peculiarly suitable for her also. Of the hymns, she selected some as adapted to her circumstances. She

was much interested in that beginning with the words,

"Tell me, mamma, if I must die,"—

and as she sat thinking upon this hymn, her head pensively leaning upon her hand, she pointed to the lines,

"These hands and feet and busy head
Shall waste and crumble quite away," &c.

and, reaching it toward her mother, said, "That is suitable for me."

She was also particularly attached to the hymn "for a dying child;" and after she was confined to her bed, and unable to read, requested her younger sister to learn it, that she might repeat it to her.

Though she was, through divine mercy, exempted in a great measure

from the delirium, stupor, and convulsions which usually attend dropsy in the head, she endured much bodily distress. Not one expression of impatience, however, was heard from her. The groans and shrieks, which sudden pain sometimes extorted from her, were instantly suppressed by the mention of her Saviour's greater sufferings, and she would seem to forget herself in meditation upon that affecting subject. While she was thankful for her intervals of comparative ease, she professed her willingness to endure as much pain as her heavenly Father saw best to inflict upon her. A passage of Scripture read or repeated to her, a hymn, or a prayer, was the

only entertainment she asked for her few quiet moments; and even in the midst of her bodily sufferings, her mind was tranquil and serene. She uniformly declared herself happy, and seemed full of love and gratitude to all about her. Often, when the cessation of her pain permitted, she would tenderly call on "Anna dear" (her younger sister) to say "those verses"—meaning two which particularly interested her, one from the Hymns for Infant Minds:

"Once did the blessed Saviour cry,
'Let little children come;'
On this kind word I would rely,
Since I am going home."

The other from a hymn of Dr Doddridge:

"I take these little lambs, said he,
And lay them on my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest."

On Sabbath morning, a week before her death, her mother sat down by her bed-side, and reminded her of the day; informing her that it was not expected she would spend another such on earth; but told her that in heaven there was a *perpetual Sabbath.* She seemed a little surprised that her change was considered so near; but a glow of satisfaction soon illuminated her sweet face; and when asked, "Mary, what will you do there?" she readily and cheerfully answered, "I shall sing praises to God."

On the afternoon of the same day,

some friends called to see her; and after they had left the chamber, she hastily said, "I wish *I* could go down!" Her mother replied, that she should not think it hard to be confined, as she had so many comforts about her; and reminded her of those who were *poor* and *friendless* as well as *sick*. She seemed grieved at the thought of having appeared ungrateful, and said, "I know I *should* be thankful, mother, and I believe I *am*. I know God is good to me. It is God who placed me here, and provides for me so kindly; and he directs the doctor what to do for me—I *do* feel thankful." She then immediately requested her mother to take the Bible, and read to

her about her Saviour, an expedient which never failed to conquer every selfish or impatient feeling.

She generally desired to have the evening prayer of the family offered in her chamber, and would suppress every sigh and groan, which her disease would otherwise extort from her, that she might not interrupt, or lose the benefit of, the exercise. When asked what petition should be presented for her, she usually replied, "That God will spare my life, and give me a new heart." But the *former* of these requests she relinquished a few days before her death, and said, "That God will give me a new heart, and take me to heaven." The last time she directed us in our

prayers for her, she said, "Pray that my sins may be forgiven," and then after a solemn pause, she added, "*Give me to God.*"

She always spoke with diffidence concerning her prospects for futurity; for she considered it a great thing indeed to be prepared for heaven. Though she uniformly professed a love to her Saviour, her hope of admission to his presence was ever chastened by an humble sense of her unworthiness.

The night preceding that of her departure, while she was so feeble that we stood around her bed waiting for her last sigh, her mother, desirous to hear her voice once more, and to learn whether her reason was

continued to her, asked, though with little expectation of an answer, "Is Mary going to heaven?" After a solemn pause, as if revolving in her mind the interesting question, she replied, in soft and tremulous accents, "I hope so!" And O! it was like a voice *from* heaven, whispering peace and tranquillity to our troubled breasts. Her mother then repeated to her a few verses from the 14th chapter of John, "Let not your heart be troubled," &c. She could make no reply, for weakness; but, opening the *eye* which was yet left her, for she had been deprived of the use of one some days, she listened to the Saviour's words with a glow of satisfaction on her countenance, more

expressive than any language could have been.

This was our last distinct communication with her, concerning her spiritual prospects. Once, on the following day, being asked if she was still happy, she attempted to answer "yes;" but though the movement of her lips revealed her meaning, her voice could not be heard. At two o'clock on Monday morning, after a painful struggle with the last enemy, she entered, we trust, into the joy of her Lord. Yes, we believe "it is well with the child." Shall her bereaved parents speak now of *submission* and *acquiescence?* Cold words! Rather let our hearts be filled with gratitude,

and our lips with praise; "for, if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." I do not mean to express absolute certainty in this, or any similar case; God alone perfectly knows the heart. Education is one thing, and regeneration is another. Yet, in view of such evidences of early piety as I have had before me in that beloved child, I think I can rest, with sweet composure, on the promises of the covenant of grace. "Yes," (to adopt the language of Mr. Newton on a similar occasion,) "I am satisfied—I am comforted; and if one of the many involuntary tears I have shed could have recalled her to life, to

health, to an assemblage of all that this world could contribute to her happiness, I would have laboured hard to suppress it." I must now leave parents to draw conclusions for themselves from what is here presented to them; but cannot persuade myself to close this little memoir without a word of affectionate counsel to children and youth.

My dear young friends:

I have written these pages chiefly for your sake. It is my earnest desire that the death of my beloved daughter may be sanctified to you. Some of you knew her, and loved her. You have tenderly wept over her cold remains; you have followed

her mortal part to the grave; I feel soothed by the affection which you bore to her; and may God grant, that your fond remembrance of her may lead your thoughts often to that unseen and eternal world whither her immortal soul has fled.

She will meet you in the house of God no more; she will unite with you no more in reciting the precious truths of the gospel, and singing the praises of the Saviour here below. She is the first of your number who has yet been taken away by death. Ah! little did I think, when writing the hymn for your closing exercises the last season, and when I heard my dear Mary's voice with your's employed in singing it, that she

would be the first in whom that solemn anticipation would be realized,

> "Of our little blooming band,
> Some may feel death's icy hand," &c. *

But so God had determined. There must be a *first* to die from every company; and surely it is well that one was taken who was hopefully prepared to go. But as there must be a *first*, so there must be a *second*. Who of you will next be called, we cannot tell. She was apparently one of the most healthy in the whole school. There is no calculation to be made upon long life. It is infinitely important that you *all* be prepared to follow her. God is saying to you by her death, "Be ye also

* See this hymn entire at the end of the book.

ready !" One, youthful and blooming like yourselves, has gone to her last account. O my young friends, ask your own hearts, whether you are prepared for death and for heaven. I have endeavoured, in this little book, to show you in what way this preparation must be made. Heaven is the eternal dwelling of those who love God, and delight in his service ; who receive the blessed Redeemer to their hearts, and earnestly endeavour to honour him in their lives. In order to honour him, you must honour your parents ; you must study your Bibles ; you must daily pray, that God will enable you to understand, and believe, and obey the gospel ; you must hate sin, and

forsake it, with godly sorrow for the past, and humble resolution for the future; you must set your affections on things above, and live not unto yourselves, but unto Him who died for you, and rose again.

O let me exhort you to attend diligently to the counsel and instruction which your parents offer you; or, if they forget this great duty, put them in mind of it; beg of them not to let your souls perish in ignorance, through their neglect! Ask them to teach you the way of life; to pray with you and for you; to lead you to Jesus, and commit you to his almighty and merciful hands.

And O may He, with whom is the residue of the Spirit, touch your

young hearts by the power of his grace, and fulfil in your experience his own precious declaration, "*I love them that love me; and they that seek me early shall find me.*"

LINES ADDRESSED TO M. H. H.

ON HER SIXTH BIRTHDAY.

Your birthday, dear Mary, has come round again;
How swift is the flight of a year
'Tis swift as the race-horse that scours o'er the plain,
Or the swallow that glides through the air.

The race-horse must rest in his stable, before
Another such course he can run;
But *Time* never pauses; when one year is o'er,
That moment a new year's begun.

The horse must be whipped, or he lags on his way,
And forced is the courage he shows;
And e'en the light swallow must perch on the spray
Now and then, for a little repose.

But *Time* needs no urging to quicken its pace,
It hurries unwearied away;
It waits not for us, but keeps on in its race,
Through the minute, the hour, and the day.

Then strive, my dear Mary, each hour to employ,
Each swift passing moment improve;
That when life is spent, you may look back with joy,
Having spent it in duty and love.

Now come to the Saviour; begin this new year
With sweet adoration and praise.
Give your young heart to God; He will make you his care,
And help you to walk in his ways.

Then, when all your days and your duties are past,
He will send down his angels of love;
To watch round your pillow, and bear you at last
To the presence of Jesus above.
June 20, 1819.

TO A. M. H.

ON HER SIXTH BIRTHDAY.

Six precious years, my dearest Ann,
Have passed, since you this life began;
How swift the flight of time!
What tender thoughts my heart awake,
While once again my pen I take,
My annual offering to make,
And write your birthday rhyme!

Six precious years forever gone!
And now the seventh is rolling on,
And hasting to its end.

Your time, dear Ann, makes no delay;
Awake, asleep, at work, or play,
Busy or idle, sad or gay,
  Your little life you spend.

Six years our lovely Mary past
On earth; the seventh proved her last—
  The last of sin and wo.
She early sought her Maker's face;
She early felt his cleansing grace;
He called her to his kind embrace,
  And she rejoiced to go.

Like her, your blessed Saviour seek;
Be humble, patient, mild, and meek,
  Obedient, kind, and true:
Begin and end each day with prayer,
And strive, by diligence and care,
To bless your parents, and prepare
  For heaven and glory too.

May God forgive each folly past,
And help you, this new year, to cast
  All foolish thoughts aside:
That since each day you older grow
Each day new wisdom you may show,
Till, at the Saviour's call, you go
  Where all his friends abide.

December 28, 1820.

HYMN

FOR THE CLOSE OF A SABBATH-SCHOOL.

When shall we thus meet again?
When shall we thus meet again?
When the dreary winter's past,
When is hushed the northern blast,
When new verdure clothes the plain,
Then may we here meet again.

But what changes first may come!
Of our happy number, some,
Round a much-loved parent's bier,
May let fall the parting tear;
And in orphan grief complain,
Ere we thus shall meet again.

Of our little blooming band,
Some may feel death's icy hand;
From the friends on earth we love,
Early make our long remove;
And among this favoured train,
Never, never meet again!

Or, perhaps the fatal dart
May some faithful teacher's heart
Pierce, with death's dissolving throes;
And those lips in silence close,
Which have made our duty plain,
Ere we thus shall meet again.

Let us then with care improve
Lessons taught in Christian love;
Let each truth their lips impart
Dwell in every grateful heart;
That—their labours not in vain—
We at last may meet again.

When our summers all have fled—
When the task of life is said—
When our wasting years shall be
Lost in vast eternity—
Where the "saints immortal reign"—
Then may we *all* meet again!

THE END.

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